



# THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

The Only Publication authorized by the Hon. W. F. Cody ("BUFFALO BILL")

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 16.

Price, Five Cents.

## BUFFALO BILL'S PARDS IN GRAY

OR  
ON THE DEATH TRAILS OF THE WILD WEST



BY  
THE AUTHOR OF  
"BUFFALO BILL"

ANSWERING THE REBEL YELL OF THE TEXAN CAME THE WILD WAR CRY OF BUFFALO BILL, WHILE THE WHOOPS OF THE INDIANS MADE UP A FEARFUL CHORUS.





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## BUFFALO BILL'S PARDS IN GRAY;

OR,

## On the Death Trails of the Wild West.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

### CHAPTER I.

#### ON THE TRAIL OF BUFFALO BILL.

When the Civil War came to a close, and the country, North and South, was at peace once more, there was still more fighting to be done in the far Borderland for the gallant Boys in Blue.

Men who had won fame in the Union Army and who remained professional soldiers, found themselves still on duty in the great West and Southwest, for, disturbed by the fighting between North and South, the Indians began their warfare upon the new settlements, the mining camps and the overland trails.

Among the first to return to duty in Borderland was William F. Cody, better known as the famous scout, Buffalo Bill.

His scene of duty was on the far frontier, where

danger was greatest, and where he could render the best service to the army and to the emigrant who sought a home in the land of the Setting Sun.

In his service in the Northern Army in Dixie-land, Buffalo Bill had met, under strange circumstances, a noted Texan scout who had rendered him great service, and though foes, those two men of the buckskin had pledged a personal regard for each other that death only could sever.

That scout of the Southland was John B. Omohundro, a native of Virginia, a man of daring deeds and who, going to the Lone Star State, had become a ranger of the Rio Grande, and won fame as "Texas Jack."

It was soon after the close of the war that a horseman was crossing a Texas prairie and came upon a group of his old comrades.



"What, Jack, are you going to leave us?"

The speaker was a Texan, and he had halted upon the prairie, with a score of other Rangers, as they met there, the horseman riding slowly along northward, and with a led horse carrying all his earthly possessions.

The captain of the Rangers was known as Buckskin Sam, and he was a small, slender man, with an eagle eye and face devoid of fear.

As captain of the Texas Rangers of the Rio Grande he had won an enviable name, and it was with sincere regret that he was called upon to bid farewell to one who had been his right-hand man, Texas Jack.

The latter was a cheery-faced, fearless fellow, ready for anything that came his way, be it fight or sport.

He was equipped for a long journey, and in answer to Buckskin Sam's question, answered:

"Yes, major, I have decided to go."

"Well, I didn't wish to believe you when you told me so; but the boys said you had decided, and I knew what that meant, and we rode by your ranch to say good-by, and finding you had come by this trail, headed you off."

"Yes, I went down by the lower camps to say good-by, for I expected to find you there."

"But why do you go, Texas Jack?"

"The truth is, Sam, luck is against me here in Texas."

"Take a fresh deal and try again."

"No, I have played my best cards here:

"When I came out of the Confederate Army, I started into ranching, and the Mexicans crossed over the Rio, burned my cabin and ran off my cattle.

"Then I joined the Rangers, and got another start, and down upon me came the Comanches and wiped out my ranch again, not leaving me a hoof.

"So, I concluded, as good pay was offered for scouts up in the Northwest, I would go up there."

"But will they take a Confederate in the Northern Army?"

"There is no Northern Army now, Sam, but the United States Army, and I reckon they won't ask my pedigree if they want a trailer, Indian-fighter and scout."

"Not if ever they see you on the trail and in a fight once, they won't, Jack; but you've got a long way to travel, and I hate to see you go alone."

"I have played a lone hand nearly all my life, Buckskin Sam, and I believe I can go through all right, for I have got a good outfit in traps and a young arsenal in

the way of weapons, while my horses are that good that I can run from what I cannot whip."

"But where will you strike for, Jack?"

"One of the frontier posts, of course, for do you know I am going on a trail?"

"What trail?"

"You have heard of Buffalo Bill?"

"What man has not?"

"Well, I kinder like that specimen of a man and I am going to look him up, for I met him during the war."

"He was in the Union Army though."

"That does not matter where a man is a true soldier, and he is all of that.

"I met him once and introduced myself to him with a lariat, and for the time we were acquainted we got to be real good friends, so I intend to look him up and see if he has forgotten Texas Jack, the Rebel Scout, and my money says ten to one he has not."

"Well, Texas Jack, I hate to see you go, but I know you are bent upon it, so I will not urge you to stay.

"When you get to the end of your trail drop me a line so we can know how you are, and tell us about your meeting with Buffalo Bill.

"If they don't treat you right up there come back to Texas, and you can be a Ranger again, and that isn't so bad after all."

"I should say not, Sam; but I wish to kinder spread myself, you know, and so I take to the northward trail; but if luck goes against me there I'll come back to Texas if I have to turn cowboy and punch cows for thirty dollars a month and grub, when you can get it.

"Good-by, pards of the saddle, and remember, Texas Jack is still one of you in spirit and always will be."

A grasp of the hand all round, a cheer from the Rangers and Texas Jack had started upon his trail to find Buffalo Bill.

## CHAPTER II.

### TEXAS JACK AT BAY.

Out of the State of Texas, up through the wild land of New Mexico, went Texas Jack, day after day, week after week.

He was in no hurry, for life was before him, and he had put the past, with its memories, behind him.

He rode slowly, sparing his horses all he could, walk-



ing over rough trails, and climbing and descending mountains on foot.

He camped only where he could get the best of grazing for his horses, and starting early, with the break of dawn, he halted from ten o'clock until four in the hot hours of the day, thus sparing his horses.

Once there was a hold-up by two Mexican outlaws, but it resulted in Texas Jack adding to his arsenal, and increasing his horses by two, while two graves by the wayside showed that the road agents had made a mistake in attacking the wrong man.

Again it was a chase by redskins, a stand off for a few hours and an escape by night, for Texas Jack knew the "tricks of the trade" where Indians were concerned, and gave them the slip.

After being weeks on the trail Texas Jack felt that he was drawing toward the end of his journey, for he knew that there was a military outpost but an easy day's journey away.

He camped that night upon the summit of a high ridge, and when the morning dawned he was startled by the sight that met his vision.

Far below, in a beautiful valley, was encamped a band of redskin horsemen.

The Texan had his field glass with him, and quickly seeking shelter, he turned it upon the Indians, who were some two miles distant from him.

"Sioux, and on the warpath.

"They came into the valley last night, and are waiting for their scouts to come in and tell them when and where to strike.

"Of course the military outpost is their destination.

"Well, they have not seen me, and so I'll get out as quickly and safely as I can.

"Then it is a ride for the fort to give the alarm, for there are all of a thousand braves in the redskin army, and that means enough to give trouble, especially if it is a surprise."

So saying, Texas Jack took a more careful observation of the encamped redskins, counting them as well as he could, and then he got his horses together and retreated down the mountain the way he had come, to go up the valley, and, by flank movement, reach the outside well in advance of the redskins.

He rode rapidly now, mounted upon one horse and

leading the other three, for the animals captured from the two outlaws were fine ones.

He pressed on for several hours, then coming to a canyon penetrating the ridge, turned into it, and several miles further came out upon the plains, which were heavily timbered.

He had just encamped at noon, when, ascending a rise, he started as he saw a party of men coming toward him.

His glass showed that they were redskins, and nine in number, while they were on foot.

"The Sioux scouts, returning to make their report to their chief, and their being on foot proves that the scouts of the fort are good ones, as they dared not ride and leave a trail.

"They are coming this way, and I hope will pass me without discovering my camp; but I'll prepare for a fight at least, as retreat I will not, and to leave here would at once betray me.

"I'll take yonder pile of rock for my fort," and the Texan at once led his horses to the shelter of a group of boulders piled upon a hilltop, and amid which the grass grew plentifully around a small spring.

"I could not have asked a better place to stand them off from, but I hope they'll go around the base of the hill and not notice my trail."

So saying he stationed his horses around the rocks, all ready saddled to move at a moment's notice, and then took up his position where he could command the approach from every direction.

The Indians soon came into view and were following an old trail around the base of the rise.

There were nine of them, and they moved along in an Indian trot, scarcely turning a glance to either side.

But as they came opposite to the pile of rocks the leader halted, pointed up in that direction, and they at once started up the rise.

"Yes, they are coming. That fellow is thirsty, and knows there is a spring here; but I'll quench his thirst forever," and, as Texas Jack uttered the words, he brought his rifle to a level, ran his eye quickly along the sights, and then, as the leader of the Indian scouts came within sixty yards of the rocks, he pulled the trigger.

The shot of the Texan sped true to its target, which was the head of the Sioux brave, and he went down upon his face without knowing what killed him.

Texas Jack had waited for the Indians to get as near



as he dared allow them to come before he fired, for he wished a chance to throw in a few other shots before they should get out of range.

He had his own two rifles and the guns of the two outlaws, and these, excepting the one in use, lay close at hand.

Then his revolvers lay upon the rocks within reach of his grasp, and he felt no doubt as to his ability to stand off the redskins, or even to make a splendid showing if they ran in upon him.

The moment the brave dropped the others sprang quickly for shelter, but one was tumbled over before he got out of harm's way, and a third got a wound in the shoulder.

It was when they were in shelter that the Indians first turned to see who their foes were, for they supposed there were more than one.

There was the group of rocks, with the tiny rivulet flowing down the side of the hill and coming from the spring, but not a soul was visible.

There lay two of their comrades, to show that their foe had aimed to kill, and the third was smarting with the pain of his wound.

They took in the situation, and then there were certain orders given among themselves.

A moment after, from either side, warriors were seen to leave their shelter and dart along to form a circle around the position of the scout.

They were determined there should be no escape for him, and they meant to go about his capture and death in a businesslike way.

They soon had the place surrounded, and Texas Jack muttered:

"This looks like a siege, and yet I must get on to inform those at the fort that there is a raid coming down upon them, for that band of Sioux in the mountains means to go there, I am sure.

"Well, I shall wait until dark, and then I can mount and dart out suddenly, for I will have but the gantlet of two of them to run, and I reckon I can get through.

"Anyhow I can but try, and with four horses they will think I am more than one man to fight.

"At any rate there are but seven of those fellows now where there were nine, and maybe I'll get a chance to pick off another one or two before dark."

So Texas Jack got his dinner ready and ate it, while still keeping his eye upon the positions of the redskins, for they kept out of sight.

He had no dread of their making a dash upon him, as he knew that they had seen the trail of four horses, and therefore thought they had so many men to fight.

No, they would try strategy, he was well aware, and he would try the same.

But suddenly his face clouded, for coming from another direction he beheld another party of scouts, also on foot.

There were seven in this party, and Texas Jack felt assured that they, too, had been scouting toward the military post and were returning to meet the main force and report what they had discovered.

Their comrades in hiding saw them, too, and signaled to them.

The result of the signaling was that the party divided and each sought the position of their comrades who were already in hiding.

"This begins to look dubious," muttered the Texan, and he looked about to discover any advantage that might or might not be in his favor. Suddenly an Indian showed himself, in mere bravado, and to see if their foe among the rocks was on the watch.

He made the discovery to his sorrow, for his arm dropped to his side, the bone being shattered by Texas Jack's bullet.

There was a howl of pain, echoed by yells of rage, and Texas Jack laughed.

Then he placed his hat upon a stick and pushed it with his elbow up to the top of the rock, as though some one was peering over, while he held his rifle ready to let a bullet fly at the brave that showed himself in his anxiety to get a shot at the head he believed to be under that sombrero.

A shot quickly came from a distant rock, and it cut the hat, but just as quick was the touch of Texas Jack upon the trigger of his rifle, and another yell told that the redskin who had nibbled at the white man's bait had cause to regret it.

"This is getting real interesting, I declare," muttered Texas Jack, as he walked across to the other side of the rock pile to play the same game upon those who had not seen the success of the hat scheme upon their comrades.



## CHAPTER III.

## A DOUBLE GAME.

The sombrero scheme upon the other side again worked well, for though Texas Jack got another bullet-hole in his hat, he managed to be avenged upon the one who fired the shot.

The bullet he sent so quickly at the spot from whence came the Indian's shot, struck the rocks and filled the warrior's face full of little pieces of shattered stone.

But the other redskins were too close on the watch for Texas Jack to dare risk it again.

"I see no chance for me except to make a dash to-night, and I believe I'll get through all right," said Texas Jack to himself.

But as he spoke, far across the plain he saw another party of braves coming.

These, too, were on foot, and were five in number.

"That settles it, for if all my shots have counted, they fill the gap and I've still got a score of them to fight," he muttered, in a disconsolate tone.

"Yes, I see how it is, the three bands went out as scouts to reconnoiter, and are returning to the main force, which has evidently just come down from their village.

"One force went to the north, the other to south of the post, and the third kept a position between the other two, and this enabled them to cover the entire ground on this side.

"Well, they do not intend that I shall escape, but as soon as darkness falls I will make a rush with my four horses, and if I have to break away and leave the others and my traps I'll do it, for the post must know of its danger."

The third party of Indian scouts were met, as they drew nearer, by one of the force besieging Texas Jack, and they came to a sudden halt.

After some talk with the warrior they broke up and took up positions as evidently directed to do.

They had hardly gotten into position when suddenly a score of rifles rattled forth and as many bullets pattered among the rocks.

"By Jove, but I am in luck not to have been hit that time.

"After that hint I'll lay low," muttered the Texan, and he sat down where he would be protected by the rocks.

Thus a couple of hours passed and Texas Jack ventured another look.

"Ah! another band, eh!"

"No, there is but one man, and yes, he is a paleface.

"He is on the trail of the first party of scouts and coming on in this direction.

"That means that he will ride right into an ambush.

"Yes, he halts where the trail of the second party joins the first.

"Now he comes on again.

"I'll take a look at him through my glass."

The glass was gotten and turned upon the horseman.

"Splendidly mounted, and—by Heavens! that man is Buffalo Bill or his double!" cried Texas Jack, excitedly.

He looked now more earnestly at the horseman, and saw him halt where the trail of the third party of Indians joined the other two.

He dismounted and carefully examined the trails, then turned his glass upon the country ahead.

But all looked quiet, no sign of a moving being was in view.

"Yes, it is Buffalo Bill, and he is coming right on here.

"The trail leads by yonder group of rocks, half hidden by those scrub trees, and right there I know are three redskins in ambush.

"Yes, and among those other rocks to the left a hundred yards are two more braves, so they have yonder rider right where they want him, or will have unless I chip into this little game, and I've got a stack of chips I'm willing to play," and he patted his revolvers affectionately.

The coming horseman was still half a mile away, and the trail he was on would lead him right into an ambush at the bottom of the rise.

That the Indians had discovered him Texas Jack knew, and he felt that they hoped he had not discovered them.

He at once made up his mind as to his course.

He would warn the horseman by a shot, then dash out and ride forward with all speed to join him.

But as he made up his mind to do this he saw several other warriors slip toward the place of ambush.

He knew that the horseman could not see them, and while he was still surrounded he dared not run the gantlet of seven or eight Indians, for he would surely be brought down.



So he changed his plan for another.

"They are afoot, he is on horseback, so he is safe if he keeps out of range.

"Now to warn him by a shot, and then call to him that there is a large force in the mountains, ready to raid the fort, and he can ride for aid, while I'll have to stand the siege until help comes.

"If they crowd me too close, why I must break out with one horse, that's all."

Texas Jack waited until he felt that it would not be safe to allow the horseman to come any nearer the ambushed Indians, and yet he desired him to hear all that he had to say.

He had to take chances, he knew, but the game was worth the risk.

The nearer the horseman came the more Texas Jack was convinced that it was Buffalo Bill.

Twice before he had seen him, once when he was rescued from just such a scrape, about the time the war broke out, and the second time when he and his fellow scouts had captured Buffalo Bill in Tennessee.

Yes, there was the same splendid form and handsome face, with the darkly bronzed complexion, mustache and imperial, the long brown hair and picturesque garb.

There was no mistaking the man.

It was Buffalo Bill, who was riding directly into the ambush, which Texas Jack, from his retreat among the pile of rocks, knew was prepared for him.

Another minute and the risk would be too great, so the Texan acted.

This he did by emptying his repeating rifle into the place of ambush where the Indians were grouped, with the hope of doing some deadly work, or harm at least.

As the bullets pattered among the rocks and scrub trees he sprang up, and waving his sombrero, gave the horseman a quick glance of his position.

The horseman had halted quickly at the rattle of the rifle, then half turned, as though to fly, but the next instant stood at bay.

The redskins had been surprised at Texas Jack's act, but they had done just what he felt they would—open fire upon him.

This fire, from all round his position, revealed their hiding places to the horseman.

It had taken but a few seconds of time, and then, loud, clear as a trumpet came the words:

"Pard, are you Buffalo Bill?"

"Ay, ay! I am! Who are you?"

"Your old Rebel pard, Texas Jack, and I am corraled here.

"There are a score of dismounted Indian scouts, who are returning to the mountains. At the base of yonder peak, twenty miles away, there are a thousand mounted Sioux in hiding. Ride to the fort and give the warning!"

"Bravo, Texas Jack; but you are in danger?"

"Oh, no, I'm all right; gallop to the fort to give the warning."

"How many are with you?"

"My four horses—look out!"

As Texas Jack spoke he saw the Indians dash from cover upon Buffalo Bill, whom they wished to drive out of range of hearing.

Buffalo Bill wheeled his horse and rode some distance off, but was too far to throw his voice back in reply to Texas Jack.

The Indians had fired upon him, but their bullets had fallen short.

When he halted the scout took a notebook and pencil from his pocket, and hastily scribbled a few lines upon a page.

This he tore out, and with hair taken from the mane of his horse, he tied it to his saddle horn.

Then he arranged the reins, and riding back toward the Indians, dismounted.

Texas Jack was, meanwhile, from a crevice in the rocks, anxiously watching him.

"Why does he not go on to the fort with the warning?" he muttered.

As he drew nearer the Indians, Buffalo bill stepped a few paces from his horse.

The faithful animal stood as still as a statue, until suddenly the scout started toward him.

Neither the Indians nor Texas Jack heard what Buffalo Bill said to his horse, but they saw the animal dash away, leaving the scout dismounted.

Both Texas Jack and the redskins believed that Buffalo Bill's horse had run away from him, and the scout carried out this idea by chasing the animal some little distance.

But, instead, the scout had said:



"Now, Dragon, go, and lose no time. Off to the fort, sir!"

So away the obedient animal had dashed, while the Indians yelled with delight, and a party moved off to advance upon the dismounted man.

"That is too bad," muttered Texas Jack, and he made up his mind that when dark came he would make a dash, and Buffalo Bill, who he was firmly convinced the horse-man was, would have a mount upon one of his horses.

Retreating to a rise a mile away, where he could be sheltered by rocks, Buffalo Bill took up position to stand the redskins off, while Texas Jack mused:

"Well, he don't run for it, if he is afoot, and that makes it easier for me, as the Indians will divide their forces to corral him, too.

"Ah! That shot told, and at very long range! The imps will now understand that he does not intend to be crowded."

The Indians had scattered to cover as one of their number who had been following Buffalo Bill had been knocked over at long range, as a hint to keep at a respectful distance.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A RACE FOR LIFE.

That the Indians had an elephant upon their hands was evident by their actions.

They could manage their first game, they thought, though they were more and more convinced that there were four men among the rocks.

There appeared another who had not ridden into their ambush, but instead, though dismounted, had found a retreat, which he had shown that he could fight from with great danger to his foes.

Of course this second man meant a division of their forces, for it would never do to let him get to the front and give the alarm.

What they had discovered in their scouting toward the fort, they must also make known, for a quick dash by night and an attack at daylight, which would be a surprise, would surely win them the victory, and that meant hundreds of scalps, captives and plunder for them.

The redskins therefore determined upon a council of war, and half a dozen of them met, held a conference of a few minutes, and the result was that one of their number went off at a trot toward the distant mountains.

"He has gone to bring up the large force, and that means that they will sweep over me, Buffalo Bill next, and then on to the fort.

"But I'll spoil that game by getting out of here as soon as darkness comes on," mused Texas Jack.

Then he saw that the Indians were signaling to each other, and the result of this was that the force about his retreat was divided and he saw three warriors march off in the direction in which Buffalo Bill was corraled.

"That means six for Buffalo Bill, counting those in position there, one off to give warning to those in the mountains, and about ten or twelve for me, as far as I can make it out, for several certainly have turned up their toes, if not more.

"Now let me see how I'll fix it.

"I'll get the horses ready and dash out the moment it is dark, taking the side where I believe they have the fewest braves to break through.

"Then, if I don't go under, I'll push hard for Buffalo Bill's position, and he'll know I am coming by the shots.

"He'll keep those fellows busy to watch him, and if I can gain his position then we two won't mind being corraled."

Texas Jack having decided upon his course at once began to prepare for it, as within another hour it would be dark.

Not an Indian was in sight about Texas Jack's position, but far off he could see, with his glass, that they had Buffalo Bill surrounded, several of the half dozen redskins that were there being visible to the Texan.

Texas Jack felt that his safety lay in the belief that there were four white men there, and this would help him when he dashed out, as the redskins would be afraid to rush upon a body of men too hastily.

He got his horses together, tying one on each side of the animal he rode, and leading the fourth, the pack animal.

He tied them lightly, too, so if one was shot and went down in the rush, the rein would break and the other animals would not be dragged down with him.

As darkness came on he mounted, and having selected the position where he would dash through, he drew a revolver in each hand and then rode slowly out from among the rocks.

He got further than he expected without discovery,



and fearful of a trap, he gave a yell and drove the spurs into the flanks of his horse.

Away went the four animals at a bound, rushing along down the rise at a breakneck pace, while scattering shots were turned upon them from the various positions of the Indians.

Had the Texan known just where the line was thinnest he could not have chosen a better place to break through, for there were but a couple of Indians in his immediate front.

The others, however, seeing their game escaping them, made a rush to aid their companions, and their rifles rattled viciously.

One of the Texan's horses was hit hard and went down, but the rein broke and on dashed the others.

Another of the horses, the one on the other side was struck, yet not seriously wounded, and a bullet cut through the Texan's flesh on his right shoulder, inflicting, however, but a slight wound.

His revolvers never ceased to do execution, and with the wild Rebel yell he knew so well how to utter, he broke through the redskin line and reached the plain beyond, now lighted up by the moon.

As he did so he saw the flashes of the rifles far away, where the other scout was corraled, and he knew that Buffalo Bill had opened fire to make those about him show their position to him as he came on.

On sped the Texan, rapidly dropping the redskins behind him, for he kept his horses up to their full speed, while they were on foot, though in full chase.

What would he do, they wondered.

Ride on to the fort to give the alarm, or attempt to rescue his comrade?

They were not long in doubt, for the Texan rode straight toward the spot where Buffalo Bill was corraled.

It was not as strong a position by any means as the one held by the Texan, and there was no spring of water there.

Then the rocks were a group of small ones, upon the apex of a hill, but not large enough to afford shelter for a horse.

The Texan realized this, and his plan was to dash up, firing as he came; have Buffalo Bill stand ready to mount quickly as he went over the hilltop, and the two men dash on to safety, which, with Indians on foot, they could readily do.

But the Indians surrounding Buffalo Bill appeared to realize just what the game was that the Texan intended to play.

The hill was a rough one, and only here and there could a horse go up it; and, as Texas Jack came up in a certain line they rallied at that point to check him, knowing that their comrades would soon be up behind, him, and in an open fight on the plains they would be the victors from sheer strength of numbers.

One brave had fallen, and the flash of the Texan's revolvers showed to the redskins that there was but one rider, and that gave them hope, which they vented in wild yells of triumph.

Instead of five palefaces they would have but two to deal with, and those two apart.

On flew Texas Jack straight for the hill where Buffalo Bill's rifle was seen flashing steadily.

The Texan felt that the Indians had massed to meet him, to head him off, but he rode on, determined to break through the line.

Mounted as he was he could have flanked them and gotten safely away, but he was not the man to leave Buffalo Bill there to fight the whole force for his life.

So he headed straight for the hill, and as he drew near he opened ahead with his repeating rifle.

He saw that Buffalo Bill was coming down the hill also, for the flashes of his rifle showed this, as he had divined what the Texan meant to do.

And, answering the yell of the Texan, came the wild wacry of Buffalo Bill, while the whoops of the redskins chimed in with an appalling chorus.

The base of the hill was nearly reached, and Texas Jack settled himself for the last charge.

Behind him came the echoing cries of those redskins in chase of him, to cheer their comrades in his front, and who were nerved to desperation for fear of his escape.

Opening upon them from the hilltop was Buffalo Bill, firing at random, of course, in the darkness, but striving to make them reveal their position by an answering shot or two back at him.

But this the cunning Indians would not do, as they knew but too well the deadly foe that they had corraled, and that his aim was sure.

No, they would not fire until their coming prey was almost upon them, and then a volley should tumble him from his saddle, and when their comrades came up they



would rush upon Buffalo Bill and have his scalp also to triumph over.

But Texas Jack had learned to ride among the Comanches, and he suspected that he would have to face a volley, so, as he drew near the base of the rise where the Indians were grouped among the rocks there, he suddenly threw himself on the side of his horse, and over him swept a hail of bullets.

But one of his horses got a death-wound and fell, and as he dashed on through the Indians another went down, and then down went the animal he was riding.

All the while, however, he had kept up a rapid fire with his revolvers, and not an aimless one either, for one redskin had fallen dead and another wounded.

Then there was heard again the wild war cry of Buffalo Bill, as he dashed upon the scene.

There was a rattle of revolvers, shouts of rage and pain, a short struggle, and the remaining redskins ran for cover, while Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, hastily cutting the pack-saddle and riding-saddle from the horses, ran back to the top of the hill to stand at bay and fight off the whole force which must soon be upon them.

## CHAPTER V.

### BUFFALO BILL AND HIS REBEL PARD.

"A very close call, pardner, but here we are," cried Buffalo Bill, as, with the saddles, they ran up to their position, where the scout had been.

With their united strength they moved several rocks into a position to form a barrier, the saddles were placed on top, the blankets also, and then they sat down with their weapons ready to meet the redskins' attack.

In bringing the things from the fallen horses, Texas Jack had not forgotten the rifles and revolvers of the two outlaws he had slain, and so they were well supplied with weapons.

"We are two, but let them come on," said Buffalo Bill, as the yells of the redskins told that they had reached the spot where their comrades had fallen.

"Let us give them a few shots, firing at the crowd," said Texas Jack, and the repeating rifles flashed out several times.

The yells that followed told that the Indians were at

least surprised, if not hurt, and they hastened to cover with wonderful alacrity.

"We are lucky not to have been hurt, pard," said Buffalo Bill, as they sat in position, each one on the watch to prevent a surprise by the redskins.

"I got nipped on my shoulder, but it does not amount to much, and I'm in luck it is no worse; but I'm glad to see you once more, Buffalo Bill."

"As I am to meet you again, Texas Jack, and especially when there is no longer a war ravaging our land, and we can be openly friends."

"Here's my hand upon it that we will be friends, pard."

"And mine; but what are you doing away up here, and alone?"

"I was looking for your trail."

"My trail?"

"Yes."

"How so?"

"Well, I got wiped out twice ranching in Texas since the war, once by Mexicans, and then by Indians, and so I concluded to hunt the forts and see if I could get in as a scout, for I knew that you would give me a lift."

"I will, indeed; but have you come alone from Texas?"

"I have played a lone hand right through, pard."

"I started with a first-class outfit, upon a good pack-horse, and I increased the layout by two horses, some weapons and some odds and ends I got from two outlaws who had held me up."

"You were in luck."

"They were not quick enough, and trusted too much to Texas human nature, so I played my trumps and won."

"I got upon yonder ridge last night and camped, and at daylight I saw in the valley a thousand Sioux braves and their ponies, and I knew they were waiting for something to turn up."

"So I backed out and was riding for the post to give warning, when I got corraled by nine redskin scouts afoot."

"Two other parties dropped in on me, and then I knew that they had been scouting around the fort, and were going to lead some mounted redskins down upon you."

"Then I saw you coming, so gave you a warning, and you know the rest."

"You have rendered such good service, Texas Jack, that you will at once be welcomed as a scout, and I will



be mighty glad to have you with me. There will be troops here before dawn."

"How did they know about the Indians?"

"I sent word to Colonel Godfrey Granger about the massing of the redskins in the mountains, and while the cavalry from Fort Famine will ride rapidly around to the head of the valley, the troopers from Fort Rest will strike them here, or rather up at the ridge."

"The very idea, to catch them between two fires; but what force can you send from the forts?"

"Three troops from Fort Rest, and as many more from Fort Famine, in all about four hundred men."

"That will fix them; but may I ask you how you sent word, for I saw no one with you?"

"I sent word by my horse, for he carried a note to Colonel Granger, and we may expect the party from Fort Rest very soon, while Colonel Armes will himself lead the men from Fort Famine, and that means they will be on time to head off the redskins, for he is a hard rider, and a fierce fighter as well."

Buffalo Bill then explained about the forts to Texas Jack.

Fort Rest was the headquarters post, with Fort Famine sixty miles to the southward, and Fort Protection fifty miles to the northward.

The latter was a small post, guarding a settlement, and with a garrison of but two companies of infantry, a troop of cavalry, and two guns.

Fort Rest, being the headquarters for the three garrisons, was under the command of Colonel Granger. It was the largest and strongest garrison, having five companies of infantry, three troops of cavalry, and a six-gun battery of light artillery, besides a number of scouts, cow-boys, and hangers-on, while many of the officers had their families with them.

A weekly stage of the Overland ran from Fort Famine by way of Fort Rest, to Trail End City, a settlement from which diverged several coach trails.

With the forts and Trail End City a triangle was formed, Forts Famine and Protection being the two outer corners, Fort Rest being between them, and the stage-station the inner point.

The Overland stage-trail going from Trail End City to Fort Famine, and especially between the two forts, was known as the most dangerous one on the frontier,

for many an unfortunate driver had lost his life there, and travelers had been murdered and robbed in a most mysterious manner.

So frequently had the murders been committed that the drive had been known as the Death Drive, and as all the crimes had been committed in nearly the same spot, the scene of the tragedies was called the Death's Canyon.

Fort Rest was a most desirable frontier post, as far as its strength of position and comfort was concerned, and its commander, Colonel Godfrey Granger, was a favorite with the garrison generally.

A skilled soldier, though a volunteer officer; the hero of many battle-fields; an old veteran, though young in years, and reputed to be very rich, he was a man to be admired.

Young girls and designing mothers regretted that he was a married man, and many wondered why his beautiful wife did not join him upon the frontier, for his quarters were of the most luxurious kind for an army post far from civilization.

It was late on the afternoon of the day when the two scouts were corraled that a sentinel on the watch-tower at Fort Rest descried a horse coming over the plains at full speed. It was announced that he had no rider, but was saddled and bridled, and a short while after an officer cried:

"It is Buffalo Bill's horse, Dragon!"

All was at once excitement now at the fort, for the question arose as to what had happened to the famous chief of scouts.

As the horse came along like the wind, his flanks were seen to be white with foam.

He neighed wildly as he ran, and as he dashed into the stockade gate he was caught by a soldier and brought to a standstill.

His hide was dripping, his nostrils extended, and he panted like a hound after a long run.

The rein was around the saddle-horn, his stirrups lashed together with the stake-rope, and tied to the pommel was seen to be a piece of paper.

This was quickly taken off, and it was found to be a leaf from a note-book, and it was addressed to—

COLONEL GODFREY GRANGER,  
Commandant,  
Fort Rest.



At once the officer of the day hastened to headquarters with the paper, and handed it to Colonel Granger.

A very young man still, particularly so for one of his rank, Colonel Godfrey Granger had the trace of a hard and dissipated life imprinted upon his handsome face, and his manner was stern, cynical and severe, for he was a stickler for the strictest discipline, and though courteous to his officers, there was yet a coldness in his manner that forbade intimacy.

Taking the paper from the officer of the day, he unfolded it and read as follows:

COLONEL GRANGER:

Sir:—I learn from a scout corraled on Rock Hill by a score of redskins, that a thousand mounted Sioux are in hiding in the valley at the base of Round Top, evidently intending to raid upon the fort when their scouts return.

I have found trails of Indians on foot near the fort, and verging toward Round Top, and I send this by my horse, while I remain so as not to give the alarm.

A courier sent to Fort Famine could order a force of cavalry to flank Round Top, thus cutting off the Indians, when you attack them with cavalry from Fort Rest.

I will be on the trail to meet any force from Fort Rest. With respect,

BUFFALO BILL.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A DEADLY BLOW.

Though Colonel Granger and Buffalo Bill had no great friendship for each other, the colonel knew Buffalo Bill too well to neglect a warning from him, and he was too good a soldier to delay.

He at once sent for a courier, had a letter written to Colonel Arnes stating the situation, and the man rode away at full speed, with orders to change horses at the two stage relay stations, and make the ride in the very shortest possible time.

Then four troops of cavalry and two light guns were ordered to start at once, and so half an hour after the arrival of the scout's horse, two hundred and fifty men were on the move, splendidly mounted and armed.

They went along at a brisk trot, and were well on their way by the time the sun went down.

But it was a ride of over twenty miles to the scene where the scouts were corraled, and it was nearing midnight when the commanding officer saw flashes far ahead that told that they were nearing the spot where they could be of service.

A skillful frontiersman, the commander of the force

at once halted and sent a party of scouts ahead to flank to either side and discover just what number of redskins were there, and he halted his troopers until he knew.

The scouts went cautiously forward on foot, deploying to the right and left, and soon came to the conclusion that Buffalo Bill, perhaps others, were corraled upon the hilltop, and were firing at the redskins who had hemmed them in.

As the redskins fired back again from time to time, it revealed to the scouts that their force was a small one, and so a man was dispatched back to the command for reinforcements, that they could be surrounded and thus caught in a trap.

To do this took half an hour, and suddenly the scouts advanced upon the hill, and the Indians, completely surprised, were fairly caught, for whichever way they ran it was only to dash upon a paleface who appeared to rise from the earth to confront them.

Of the party besieging the two scouts there was not one who escaped, and the rescuers saw that the besieged had rendered a good account of themselves, for half a dozen redskins lay dead about the hill.

As the cavalry drew up at the point where the scouts had taken refuge, Buffalo Bill exclaimed:

"Captain Dean, you got here sooner than I thought you could, sir, and you helped us out of a tight place, for those reds were determined to get our hair.

"But this is my pard, Texas Jack, sir, to whom we owe the warning of danger, and as game a man as it was ever my pleasure to meet," and Buffalo Bill presented his comrade to the Texan.

Captain Dean gave Texas Jack a warm welcome, and heard from him just what he had discovered and what had been done.

It was then decided to camp for a short rest and supper, and then push on to meet the band of redskins who must soon be along.

"If you will give us a mount, captain, Texas Jack and I will go ahead at once, and see if we cannot arrange a plan of ambush for you, as I am sure those Indians do not expect to find a force here, and will push on to the fort, expecting only to meet their dismounted scouts at Rock Hill," said Buffalo Bill.

Two led horses were at once brought forward, and leaving his traps with the artillery, Texas Jack mounted and with Buffalo Bill rode to the front.



They reached Rock Hill, and it was decided that the artillery could be masked there, and the cavalry held in position behind it, to charge at the proper time, and so Texas Jack remained there to halt Captain Dean as he came up, and Buffalo Bill rode on still further to reconnoiter.

Captain Dean was not long in coming up, and he at once acted upon the suggestion of Buffalo Bill, so the two guns were placed upon the hill, just where Texas Jack had held at bay the redskins, and the troopers were put in position where they could not be seen.

The Texan then rode on ahead after Buffalo Bill, and a little over a mile further on came up with him.

Buffalo Bill was standing in the trail by the side of his horse, and said quickly:

"Hark! do you not hear them?"

"Yes, they are coming."

"Quick! We must return to the command and report."

Back they sped to the little command.

"Do you think the Fort Famine cavalry have had time to get into position yet, Buffalo Bill?" asked the captain, when they had returned.

"Yes, captain, for the courier must have reached the fort in four hours, and they will have until dawn to get into the head of Round Top Valley, and it will be long after that before the redskins retreat through there, sir."

"Well, I am ready to strike, and if the other force heads them off, we will give them a severe blow. Attention, for I hear them coming now."

The heavy column of mounted warriors came along at a slow trot, all anticipating the blow they were to strike upon the fort, which they were confident of surprising.

The Indian runner had reached the valley where they were waiting just after dark, and had told them how the three bands of scouts had found the fort wholly unsuspecting any attack from the Sioux, and upon their return they had come upon a couple of paleface scouts, whom they had surrounded, with no chance to escape.

It was about Rock Hill that the chief expected to come upon his dismounted scouts, but that he would find there foes he had not the shadow of suspicion.

It was a complete and appalling surprise to the redskins when the head of their column, which was march-

ing in close order, reached the hill to suddenly behold two red flashes like lightning and hear the terrific roar of two guns, the shrieking of the shells, and the bursting right in their midst.

Warriors and ponies went down beneath those terrible shells, and while the frightened men surged backward other shots came to demoralize them more.

Then came the ringing command:

"Charge!"

There were the wild war cries of the scouts, the piercing rebel yell of Texas Jack, and the cheers of the boys in blue, and like an avalanche the cavalry came around the base of the hill and were upon the Sioux warriors.

The shock was appalling. Both red man and white went down, ponies and horses were rolled in the dust, while the rattle of the firearms and the clash of the sabers rang out loud and deafening.

Nothing could withstand that gallant charge, however, and though one-fourth the force of their foes, the boys in blue hurled the redskins back, and a wild stampede followed, for the Sioux knew not how many they had to contend with.

Back toward the mountains they fled, and it became a running fight, the Sioux making a stand where they could do so for only a few minutes.

Dawn came, and the Sioux saw that they were flying from one-fourth their number. Quickly they prepared to rally where their position gave them every advantage, when suddenly in their rear was heard a wild cheer, and there dashed into view three troops of cavalry from Fort Famine, led by the gallant commander himself.

"I told you so, for I knew Colonel Armes would not allow his men to go into a fight unless he led them," cried Buffalo Bill to Texas Jack, as the two rode side by side after the Indians.

This attack upon their rear utterly demoralized the Indians, and they broke for the steep hillsides, where, unable to force their ponies up them, they sprang from their saddles and sought safety by climbing the mountain steep.

Carbines cracked and revolvers rattled as the Sioux fled in dismay, and the battle was won, while half a thousand ponies fell into the hands of the victors.

"A glorious victory, Buffalo Bill, and the credit belongs to you," cried Colonel Armes, as he rode back from the chase.



## THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### AN UNKNOWN PASSENGER.

"No, colonel, to my pard here, Texas Jack, whose capture of me in Tennessee I told you about, sir, at the time, for he was a rebel scout, but has now come to join the boys in blue."

"Good for you, Texas Jack, and I bid you welcome."

"Yes, I have heard of you, and, as Buffalo Bill says, the credit of this surprise belongs to you. You will find every man in both forts your friend, and most willing to greet one who wore the gray," and Colonel Armes offered his hand to the Texan, who was delighted at his very cordial reception.

While a company of troopers, dismounted, pulled on after the redskins, and the two guns tossed shells far up into the mountains, the rest of the command went into camp to get breakfast and gather up the dead and wounded.

The soldiers had by no means escaped easily, for a number had fallen, and a score were more or less wounded, while the redskin dead lay all along the trail of flight.

It was late in the afternoon before the pursuing troop returned, and as the redskins were reported still in full flight, it was decided to camp where they were until the following morning, and then return to the fort.

Buffalo Bill had pointed out Texas Jack's Fort, as the hill was called, and told how he had given the warning, so that the Texan found himself a hero among heroes, and he was greeted on every side most cordially.

As he had lost his horses, Colonel Armes told him to pick out four of the best of the Indian ponies, and this he did, putting upon them his traps, which the artillerymen had safely kept for him.

The next morning the victorious soldiers started upon their return for their respective forts, while Colonel Armes said:

"See here, Texas Jack, I am going to take you with me, and, though Buffalo Bill will be your chief, you will be captain of the scouts at Fort Rest, for I need just such a man as Cody reports you to be."

And thus it was that Texas Jack became a scout upon the plains of the Wild West, and the lifelong friend of Buffalo Bill.

Felix Finn, the driver of the Overland coach from Trail End City to Fort Rest, felt his importance to an alarming extent, for he had orders to prepare to take as passenger from the fort, and back again, no less a personage than the commandant of the military district, Colonel Godfrey Granger.

The colonel had decided to go to Fort Protection on an inspecting tour, and he willed to go by coach instead of on horseback with a cavalry escort.

Then, too, the colonel wished to meet a person at Trail End City whom he had business with, and had no desire to have him seen at the fort.

For reasons best known to himself, Colonel Granger desired to have no escort, and without even an escort or an *aide-de-camp*, he started for Trail End City.

This was strange, but it was not the only strange thing Colonel Granger did.

He went on from there to Fort Protection, and, after a stay of a few days, returned by coach to Trail End City.

For some reason Colonel Granger decided to remain a couple of days at the Wayside Hotel, in Trail End City, and the landlord, Pete Porter, who was also the stage-coach boss at that place, gave him the best room in the house, and was proud to have his company.

There was a stranger at the Wayside who had come from the East a couple of days before, and who asked to be presented to the colonel, stating that he had known him in the past.

Pete Porter readily consented to introduce him, and the two became quite intimate during the colonel's stay at Trail End City.

When the day came for the coach to start for Fort Rest again, Felix Finn, the driver, had as passengers the colonel and a stranger who had just come in from the East in the morning coach.

"Do you know that man, sir?" asked the colonel's new-found friend at the Wayside, alluding to the stranger.

"I do not—do you?"

"I may be wrong, but he looks strangely like the man who robbed me when I came West to see you, six months ago, colonel."

"I hope he is not the man, for I do not wish to be



robbed of the money you brought me, as it is too hard to get any extra allowance from my wife now, and from what you tell me, it will be still more so."

"Yes, for she told me that she would not, under any circumstances, advance you another dollar beyond what she gave me for you this time and the time before, as she says that she will seek a divorce sooner than be robbed of her fortune to pay your debts."

"That was what she said?"

"Yes, colonel."

"And the ten thousand you just brought me is all I need expect from her?"

"It is, colonel, except your income which she allows."

"And your fee and expenses take two thousand of that."

"You could not have gotten it without my aid."

"I hardly believe that I could; but you must think up some other scheme to get money from her if you want another large fee."

"Well, the two we tried, the one six months ago, and this last one, will do no good to try again, for your wife is a very determined lady, Colonel Granger, and can neither be bullied or frightened."

"Well, if I need more money, I must get it in some way, so try and think of a plan to accomplish it, and write me word, though I dare not meet you here next time, as I wish no one to suspect that I have anything to hide."

"As you please, colonel; but there comes the coach from the north."

"Yes, and I expect the paymaster upon it with a large sum of money to pay off at the three forts under my command. I hope we will not meet a road agent on the run."

"I hope not, colonel; but good-by."

The colonel parted with his secret agent, and then entered Felix Finn's coach just as the northern stage drove up with a passenger for Fort Rest.

"It is the paymaster," muttered the colonel, as the passenger sprang out of the coach just arrived, and held tight to a leather satchel he carried.

"All ready!" called out Felix Finn, and the new arrival sprang in and took the back seat by the side of Colonel Granger, the stranger occupying the one in front.

The unknown passenger was a man with heavy beard

and large frame, dressed in black, and might be mistaken for an itinerant parson.

The paymaster upon entering saluted the colonel politely and bowed to the stranger, but the latter paid no attention to the courtesy.

The paymaster's bag was placed on the floor between his feet, and he entered into conversation with the colonel, who was unable to make out just who and what the strange passenger was.

Felix Finn felt his importance in having the colonel in his coach, and also the paymaster, for he knew him, and was very sure that he carried with him a large sum of money in that leather satchel.

Who the third passenger was he did not know, but supposed that the colonel did, as he was going to Fort Rest, or Fort Famine, these being the two destinations of the coach.

As they rolled on their way and got further into the mountains, the stranger seemed to take great interest in looking out the window, all efforts to draw him into conversation being fruitless, as he appeared to be very deaf, and carried an ear-trumpet with him, a circumstance which caused the colonel and the paymaster to be very willing to allow him to remain silent.

Suddenly there came a loud voice ahead calling a halt, and Felix Finn obeyed with a suddenness that showed he was surprised and startled.

Before the colonel and paymaster could utter a word as to the cause, the strange passenger's hands flew up each with a revolver, and they covered the two soldiers.

The hands were as firm as a rock, the weapons were cocked, the eyes of the stranger glanced along the sights and for the first time he spoke.

What he said was decidedly to the point.

"Colonel Granger and Paymaster Herbert, you are dead men if you make any resistance, for I am Captain Crimson, the road agent, and you know my record, so beware!"

The colonel was a brave man, and Paymaster Herbert was no coward, while each officer had much at stake.

But as they looked squarely into the muzzles of the revolvers, not two feet away, they saw that they were cocked, that the forefingers of the self-confessed outlaw were upon the triggers, and they dared not make a move.

Then, too, they knew who Captain Crimson was.



though both had believed him dead, or fled from the country.

Six months before he had been captured by Buffalo Bill, and was sentenced, without trial, by Colonel Granger, to be hanged.

The very day appointed for his execution, when he was being led to the scene to die, he broke from his guard, killed one soldier, leaped upon an officer's horse, and escaped.

He was fired upon, and it was supposed that he had been fatally wounded, though, as darkness was near at hand, he escaped and reached the river, where his horse was found, and all believed that he had fallen from the saddle and been drowned in the torrent.

Since then nothing had been heard of Captain Crimson or his men, and it was believed that the road-agents had been driven from the Overland trails.

Now the dreaded outlaw leader appeared before Colonel Granger and the paymaster, and held them at his mercy, while there was no doubt that the coach had been held up by his men.

Colonel Granger was fairly caught, for his sword-belt, with his revolvers in the holster, lay upon the seat in front of him, and the paymaster dared not move to draw his pistol.

Without, Felix Finn was evidently in trouble, for through the coach windows a man could be seen on either side covering the driver with his rifle.

As all remained quiet within the coach, Felix Finn had an idea that the passengers had not awakened to the situation, so he called out:

"Pardon, colonel, but I'm held up outside here."

"And the colonel is held up within here, Felix Finn," came the startling reply of the stranger, who then gave a shrill whistle, when instantly men appeared at the windows on each side of the coach.

"Yes, captain," said one, while the other remarked:

"Your orders, captain."

"Paymaster Herbert, get out of this coach!" ordered the outlaw captain.

The paymaster hesitated, and sternly came the command:

"Do as I order you or die!"

The paymaster glanced at Colonel Granger, who said:

"You can do nothing, Herbert, so obey him."

Paymaster Herbert did so, and quick as a flash irons were slipped upon him by the man on his side of the coach.

"Now, Colonel Granger, you also get out."

"For what reason?"

"You will discover when you obey me. Refuse, and you are a dead man."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FOR LOVE OF REVENGE.

"Do you intend to put manacles upon me?" asked Colonel Granger, white with rage at the indignities he had to suffer.

"See here, colonel, you love life, you are young, hold high rank and are rich, so you do not wish to die, but die you shall if you do not at once obey me and get out of this coach."

Godfrey Granger looked straight into the eyes of the outlaw captain, and he saw that he meant just what he said.

So he calmly obeyed.

As his feet touched the ground the man standing there quickly slipped the manacles upon his wrists.

The colonel was driven to desperation, almost to the point of losing his life by resistance, but he saw that the outlaw captain had four men with him, that the paymaster and Felix were helpless, and he heard the low warning:

"Beware!"

An oath came from his lips, but he submitted, and was manacled.

Instantly the outlaw captain sprang out of the coach and said:

"This is a good day's haul for me, Colonel Granger, and I wish I could be merciful, but it is not in my nature to show you mercy.

"I have dogged your paymaster for a week, and I know that he has with him some fifty thousand dollars to pay off the men at the forts, and that means a fortune for me.

"Now, with the paymaster's money and my revenge I will be content, will be willing to give up outlawry, and go away from the frontier; in fact, I would hardly dare remain here after doing what I intend to do, for I would be hunted to death."



"And you shall be for the work you do this day," said Colonel Granger, savagely.

"My dear colonel, I am sure you do not yet see what my intention is."

"I see enough."

"No; you think that I only intend to rob the paymaster."

"You will get little from me," and the colonel spoke with anxiety of tone.

"I shall get my revenge."

"Revenge for what?"

"Revenge against you for having had my brother hanged a year ago, and sentencing me to death by hanging."

"And I will yet see you strung up."

"No, you will not; for the sentence you imposed upon me I shall now carry out upon you."

"In God's name, what do you mean?" cried Paymaster Herbert, excitedly.

"Just what I say, sir; that Colonel Granger having sentenced me to be hanged, I shall now condemn him to death, though, as he is a soldier with a gallant record, I shall mitigate the sentence, and let him die by the bullet instead of at the end of a rope, a mercy he never would have shown me."

"Do you mean that you would dare put me to death?" asked the colonel, hardly believing that he heard the outlaw aright.

"It is just what I mean, sir, for I shall place you ten paces away, and I will myself send a bullet through your heart."

"Then I'll rob the coach, and send Paymaster Herbert on with your body to the fort, that your soldiers may see what the revenge of Captain Crimson is."

"You will not dare carry out your threat," said Colonel Granger, yet something in the man's face told him that he would do so.

The outlaw laughed and replied:

"You shall see, sir, and you have just five minutes to live."

As he spoke, he took out a handsome gold watch and held it in his hand.

"See here, yer red-headed villain, does yer know what yer is going ter do?" called out Felix Finn, now joining in when he saw that matters looked bad for the colonel.

"I know perfectly well, Felix."

"If you dares to carry out your threat, there will not be one of yer alive in twenty-four hours, and I'll gamble high on it."

"I'll take all chances, Felix Finn, and do you not chip in this game, or I'll play a card you won't like," and the outlaw leader tapped his revolver significantly.

"I knows when I hain't invited, so I says no more," was Felix Finn's response, and he added:

"Lord, colonel, but I wishes I could save yer, but I can't, though I'll promise you thet I'll be round ter see these gents strung up."

"You have but a couple of minutes more, colonel, so say your prayers if you know any."

"See here, man, I am no coward, and would not beg for life if there was reason for me to die; but I do not wish to be shot down like a dog, and I'll buy my life from you; so name your price."

"No, Colonel Granger, you cannot buy your life from me, for I love my revenge more than I do your gold."

"You must die; so take your stand there, for I about to be your executioner."

Brought face to face with death, Godfrey Granger though a strange man, proved his courage and nerve for he did not flinch.

He saw that the outlaw leader was revengeful, and knew that he well deserved the name he had won, o Captain Crimson, from his merciless nature and re deeds.

Godfrey Granger recalled, too, the fact that he had had the outlaw's brother hanged, and also had sentenced him later to die the same death, from which only his daring escape had saved him.

A man leading a double life, Colonel Granger was yte a soldier, and would die game.

He made up his mind to that, at least; still he longer to find some means of escape, and said:

"Your revenge may be sweet, yet you can gain f more satisfaction by sparing my life for a price tha killing me."

"You are mistaken; your death is what I shall insi ho on. There were three brothers of us. One of those ysh ordered hanged, and sentenced me to the same fate. O "F brother is yet living. Were I to die by violence, he woude



avenge me, for we are bound by our brotherhood to protect each other, and to kill the slayer of any one of us.

"No, you shall die, and if you are the brave man you have the reputation of being, you will die like a soldier, fearlessly."

"May I have time to write a few lines, which I will give to Paymaster Herbert to deliver?"

"Yes. How long do you wish?"

"I wish to write two short letters."

"Do so, then, at once."

The colonel asked to have his hands freed of the manacles, but the outlaw refused, and with a pencil he hastily wrote two letters.

These he handed to the paymaster with the words:

"Send them as addressed, Mr. Herbert, when you have placed them in envelopes."

"I will, sir."

"You will bear witness that I did not flinch from my fate?"

"I will, colonel, most gladly," and the voice of the paymaster trembled, while Felix Finn called out:

"As I will, God bless you, colonel!"

Godfrey Granger then turned to the outlaw and said:

"I am ready, so do your worst."

Captain Crimson stepped off ten paces, wheeled, drew his revolver, and called out:

"Now face me, sir!"

Colonel Granger obeyed.

"Now I will have my revenge upon the murderer of my poor brother," and the outlaw captain slowly raised his revolver until he brought it upon a level with Colonel Granger's heart, while his four men, Felix Finn, from the stage coach box, and Paymaster Herbert, with the irons still upon his wrists, stood breathlessly gazing upon the intended execution.

The finger of the outlaw was almost pressing the trigger of his revolver, when suddenly there came a rifle's sharp report, a whirring sound, a dull thud, and a bullet entered the forehead of Captain Crimson.

"Now, men, follow me!" came in a voice of command, and into view around a bend in the road dashed a horseman, while the four robbers, their chief slain, dashed away in terror.

"Hold on, pards!" cried Felix Finn, and, no longer under cover, he brought down one of the outlaws with a

shot just as the horseman dashed up, and at long range with his revolver dropped another outlaw as he was flying for shelter among the rocks.

"Pard, you is a dandy! But, whar is yer men?" cried Felix Finn.

"I am alone," was the quiet response of the horseman, as he glanced calmly about him.

Then, as he heard the clatter of hoofs in the timber, he gave a touch of his spurs to his horse, and was away like a flash.

He had been gone but a couple of minutes when several shots were fired in quick succession; then all was silent.

"Quick, Finn; get the keys from this dead outlaw and unlock those manacles, for I must go to the aid of that noble fellow!" cried Colonel Granger.

The driver hastened to obey, and searched for the keys of the handcuffs, but in vain; they were not found.

"Who is that splendid fellow, Finn?" asked the colonel.

"I do not know, sir; never saw him before; but I'll go after him, for I ain't tied up as you and the paymaster is, colonel," and Felix Finn dashed away into the timber in the direction in which the stranger had gone, and where they had heard the firing.

"Well, Herbert, this is a most remarkable adventure," the colonel remarked.

"It is, indeed, sir; but, thank Heaven that you escaped as you did."

"It was the closest call of my life, for the shot of that stranger fired off the revolver of the outlaw, and his bullet whistled by my ear.

"Yes, but for that man, I would now be dead."

"And you never saw him before, sir?"

"Never, and I hope with all my heart no harm has befallen him," was Colonel Granger's earnest response.

## CHAPTER XI.

### STRANGERS.

"Here they come!"

As the paymaster spoke, there came into sight an odd-looking party, for across the back of one of the horses lay the dead form of an outlaw, and upon another animal rode a wounded man, the one who had been brought down as he ran away from the scene.

Behind them walked another outlaw, a prisoner, with



the stranger's lariat about his neck. The latter rode close behind, revolver in hand.

Bringing up the rear was Finn, the driver. He was leading two horses that belonged to the outlaws.

"We've got 'em, colonel, though one of 'em got away!" shouted Finn.

"Yes, they have a dead outlaw, a second one wounded, and a third a prisoner, and there were but four besides their leader, who lies there," the colonel observed, and he turned his gaze upon the stranger.

He beheld a man six feet in height, with broad, massive shoulders, an upright, splendid form, clothed in buckskin leggings, top-boots, and a Mexican jacket and sash, while he also wore an embroidered sombrero, in which shone a gold star.

His horse was a fine-looking animal, and the trappings, saddle, bridle and outfit, were all Mexican. A long lariat was fastened to the saddle-horn, the other end of which was about the prisoner's neck.

The trappings of the stranger showed that he was fitted out for a long journey, for he had a roll of blankets and a camping equipage.

His face was darkly bronzed, from long exposure in a Southern latitude, and his face was bearded, the brown, silken beard falling far down upon his broad breast, while his hair in waving masses hung down almost to the Mexican sash about his waist.

From his saddle hung a repeating rifle, and in his belt were a couple of revolvers and a long-bladed bowie-knife.

As the stranger halted he said politely, giving the colonel a military salute:

"I am sorry to report, sir, that one of the outlaws escaped, as the driver tells me that, with the leader, who was a passenger in the coach, there were five.

"Two of them are dead, two wounded, and they need attention as soon as it can be given them."

The voice was low and perfectly unmoved by the exciting scenes through which he had just passed, and he looked just what he was—every inch a man.

The colonel at once advanced toward the stranger, and, holding up his manacled hands, said:

"My dear sir, I would like to grasp your honest hand, for you have saved me from certain death at the hands of the outlaw, and your courage I never saw surpassed.

"You have also saved to the Government a very large sum of money, which Paymaster Herbert has with him to pay off the troops at the fort.

"As we are strangers to each other, permit me to say to you that I am Colonel Godfrey Granger, commandant of this military district, and I shall consider you my guest as long as you care to remain such."

The stranger bowed and replied:

"I am particularly glad to have rescued you, Colonel Granger, and I thank you for your kind hospitality extended to me; but I was on my way to the fort to see if I could secure a position there as a scout, for, as a Texas scout, I have had considerable experience in border life.

"You shall have a position at once, sir, for I know that Buffalo Bill needs just such men as you have proved yourself to be. What is your name, may I ask?"

"Dick Dashwood, sir; but let me suggest that I do as I can for these wounded men, and that you then push on as rapidly as possible for the fort."

The colonel was more than willing to accept this advice, and when the stranger had dressed the wounds, as well as he could, of the wounded outlaws, they were hustled into the coach, the bodies of the dead men thrown on top, and while the two officers mounted with the driver, Dick Dashwood, the rescuer, followed on behind leading the captured horses.

Urged to do his best, Finn willingly obeyed, and the coach rattled along at a great rate for the rest of the journey to Fort Rest.

As he drove along Felix Finn entertained the colonel and Paymaster Herbert with a recital of how he found the stranger and the outlaws.

"You see, colonel, I first came upon the pilgrim the stranger had dropped at long range, and he was down with a bullet in his leg, and were glad to call out that he surrendered.

"He had tumbled off his horse, yer see.

"Waal, I seen he was not dangerous, so I jist jumped on top side o' his critter, and rid on arter ther t'others."

"I seen at a glance that thar was nothin' fer me ter do for thar were the stranger seated serene like on his horse, and he had his lariat around ther neck o' a outlaw.

"Yer see he had jist lassooed him on ther run, and yanked him out o' ther saddle.



"He wasn't hurted much, but he were bruised a bit, and mad as a settin' hen.

"'Pard, jist git ther hosses,' he calls out ter me, and so collected ther critters, of which there was four, one of em hitched, and three as were loose, which last belonged to ther wounded outlaw, and a dead one as lay near by, for ther stranger had got in his beautiful work on one of 'em.

"The one critter as was hitched belonged to ther chief, and had been lead thar by t'others.

"Ther strange pard then said as how he'd freight ther lead outlaw back to ther coach on a horse, and give the wounded outlaw a free ticket in the saddle also, seeing as his leg was in bad shape; but ther other one had ter talk, and he went along with a rope about his neck, oo.

"I helped, as yer seen, but thar was nothin' f'er me ter do, as yer now knows, colonel, fer ther stranger had did ther work up prime, and if he hain't a dandy, I'm off ther trail o' truth, and he reminds me o' ther way Buffalo Bill attends ter business when it has ter be did, don't er see?"

"Yes, he is not unlike Buffalo Bill, and has begun his frontier work by making a record for himself. I believe, he sought it, the Government would give him a lieutenancy in the army. I'll speak to him about it, Herbert, and urge his claim."

"Yes, sir, and he deserves it, and he appears to be dead white."

"Yes; some Texan who doubtless served in the Confederate army, and is in reduced circumstances now. I dislike to be under obligations to any man, but somehow he did not seem to make us feel the debt of gratitude he owe him."

"No, sir, and a debt of gratitude I can never repay or forget," the paymaster said, while the driver chimed in with:

"Now, I observed that same thing, colonel, that he took all as a matter of course, and didn't seem ter think he'd done anything."

"How did he happen to be upon the scene?" asked the paymaster.

"He told me, as he was binding up the wounds of these outlaws, and which, by the way, he did with the skill of a surgeon, that he saw a trail of the outlaws,

followed it, and found that they halted near the stage trail, which he saw in the distance.

"They had a led horse, and hitched all of their animals a couple of hundred yards off the trail.

"Feeling that they meant mischief, he rode around to head off whoever they were lying in ambush for, but got into the trail after the coach had passed, so he followed it. He came upon the scene just as I was writing those letters, and a glance showed him what was the matter.

"He knew the force of the outlaws, but decided to attack, and, seeing that I was to be murdered, fired at long range, and then charged upon the scene."

As the colonel referred to the two letters he had written, the paymaster handed them over to him.

"Do you see how he rides, sir?"

"Splendidly."

"You bet he does, colonel."

"All Texans ride well; but what a sensation this will create at the fort, Herbert, for us to go in with our hands manacled!"

"It will, sir, indeed."

"And the dead and live freight I carries, too."

"But, colonel?"

"Yes, Finn."

"Hain't thar money on the head o' Captain Crimson?"

"You are right, for there was a reward offered for him by the Overland Company of five thousand dollars."

"Then the stranger gits it, I'm thinking."

"He certainly does, and I'll see that it is paid to him at once, for that may enable him to refuse to take the position as a scout, though I should hate now to lose him."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

It did, indeed, create a sensation at Fort Rest, when Felix Finn's coach rolled up to headquarters, with Colonel Granger and Paymaster Herbert in irons, two dead outlaws on the top of the stage, and a couple of wounded ones in the inside, while a stranger followed, leading several horses that were saddled and bridled, but riderless.

There was a scene of excitement at once, and all eyes turned upon the distinguished-looking stranger, who, they felt, had something to do with the strange situation of affairs.



The colonel and the paymaster hastily entered headquarters, accompanied by the stranger, while Buffalo Bill was sent for, and also the armorer, to remove the manacles from the wrists of the two officers.

Word was returned that Buffalo Bill was away, having been sent to Fort Famine by the officer commanding in the absence of Colonel Granger, and then Dick Dashwood was invited to remain at headquarters as a guest.

This, however, he refused to do, and he was assigned to quarters near Buffalo Bill, and at once departed to make himself comfortable there. After some trouble the armorer removed the manacles from Colonel Granger and Paymaster Herbert, and the latter departed for the quarters he always occupied when at the fort, and he was not long in being surrounded by the officers, who wished to learn just what had happened.

He quickly told them, and he bestowed the greatest praise upon the gallant rescuer.

"Who is he, Herbert?" a score of voices asked, and the reply was:

"He gave his name as Dick Dashwood, and said that he had been a scout in Texas.

"That is all we know of him, but the colonel thinks he is some Southerner who has been reduced in circumstances by the war, and, being in the Confederate Army, has gone to scouting for a living."

"He looks the soldier, certainly," said one.

"Every inch he does."

"Well, gentlemen, after the service he has rendered our colonel, the proper thing for us to do, we who are bachelors, is to invite him to dine at our club to-night.

"What do you say?"

This proposition was received with a shout, and three officers were appointed to call upon the stranger at his quarters, and invite him to dine at the club that night at eight.

They at once went to the neat little cabin which had been given the stranger, and found that he had already made himself at home, as though he was used to taking matters as they came.

He had spread his blankets upon his cot, hung up his clothes, taken from his saddle bags, gotten his cooking utensils out upon the hearth, and was cleaning his weapons when the officers arrived.

He received them courteously when they introduced themselves, and, thanking them, said:

"I appreciate your kindness, gentlemen, for the honor done me; but I am here as a scout, and therefore could hardly accept your invitation."

"Bah! Buffalo Bill often dines with us, as does Tex Jack also, when he is here from Fort Famine, and you are not yet enlisted for duty, if you really wish to prove it upon that plea.

"No, you must come," said the spokesman, and the others urged also, until Dick Dashwood finally thanked them again and accepted their invitation.

And so that night the stranger was the honored guest of the Bachelors' Club, while all the married officers at the fort were invited to meet him.

He went in his border dress, and many an admiring glance was cast upon him, while it was at once discovered that, whatever his calling, however rough the life may have led, he was a gentleman, refined and courtly.

He talked well, told a good story, and lent his help to the entertainment by showing them some fancy shots in the shooting gallery of the club, and how expert he could become in throwing a lasso.

He would have retired early had he been allowed; but it was long after midnight before he went to his quarters and had the satisfaction of knowing that he had been unanimously made an honorary member of the Bachelors' Club.

The next morning an orderly came to the quarters of Dick Dashwood with the compliments of Colonel Granger, who sent word that he would expect to see the scout at dinner that day, and then they would discuss certain affairs which he desired to talk with him about.

"The colonel's invitation, orderly, is like a king's quest, and hence I accept.

"Please say to Colonel Granger that I thank him for the honor done me," said Dick Dashwood.

At the designated hour Dashwood appeared at his quarters, dressed, as at the club dinner, in his border costume.

Colonel Granger greeted him cordially and told him that he was the only guest that day, as he wished to talk with him alone.

"After dinner, however, I expect some visitors and



"anxious to meet you, Mr. Dashwood, so you see true value is appreciated out here in the wild West."

Dashwood bowed, and the colonel went on to say:

"Now I am going to make a change in the scouting force, for Texas Jack is to go up to Fort Protection, and I will name you as chief of scouts at Fort Famine in his place, and you will have some twenty buckskin heroes to follow you."

The scout bowed, and Colonel Granger continued:

"Buffalo Bill is, of course, chief of scouts for my military district, embracing the three forts, this one being headquarters, and you will serve under his orders, but he is in command of Colonel Armes, an officer of ability and action."

Again the scout responded with a bow, after which he said:

"Yes, Colonel Granger, I have heard of Colonel Armes as the most able soldier and gallant man."

"He is both; but may I ask if you were a Confederate soldier in the late war?"

"No, sir."

"To what command were you attached?"

"To Forrest's cavalry, sir."

"Ah! then you saw service in Tennessee?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I honor all good soldiers of the South, and am glad to have you now in my command, for I am sure that you have seen considerable service."

"Yes, sir, I have," was the modest response.

"Now, let me say to you, Mr. Dashwood, that there is a reward for the body, dead or alive, of Captain Crimson, an outlaw, and the amount is five thousand dollars."

"It is strange that he was not taken, or killed, long ago, with such a price on his head."

"He was as cunning as a fox, and when we had him a prisoner, six months ago, he made his escape the very day I had set for his execution; but you are entitled to the reward, and I will so notify the Overland Stage Company and have it forwarded to me here for you."

"Thank you, Colonel Granger, but I must decline to accept the reward."

"Decline to accept it?" asked the colonel, in amazement.

"No, sir."

"And why, may I ask?"

"I am not one, sir, to take a reward upon a human life, no matter what the man may have been upon whom the price is set."

"But, sir, consider that it is a most generous sum, five thousand dollars, and that you are in every way entitled to it, as Driver Finn will be most happy to vouch for."

"Then, sir, as the Overland drivers have often been sufferers, let the company set the sum aside for those who may be wounded and out of work, for I will not touch a dollar of it."

"You are firm in this refusal?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Remember, your pay as a captain of scouts will only be ninety dollars a month and rations!"

"It will be ample for my needs, sir, as I am neither a gambler nor a dissipated man."

"You are a very remarkable man, Dashwood," said Godfrey Granger, and he meant it, for the stranger was an enigma he could not solve.

For a man to refuse five thousand dollars he had justly earned was an unheard of thing to Colonel Granger.

But Dashwood was firm in his refusal, and at last said:

"I shall leave for Fort Famine in the morning, sir, to assume my duties."

"Yes, I will give you the necessary orders and you can relieve Texas Jack, who will report at once at Fort Protection."

"Now, Dashwood, I must make a lion of you, as the ladies of the fort have demanded it, and I have to obey."

"Come into the parlors and meet those who have come to be introduced."

There was no retreat for Dick Dashwood, and he obeyed; but at dawn he was off on his ride to Fort Famine, carrying with him the horses of the outlaws, for these were turned over to him as his property, and good animals they were.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE NEW SCOUT ON DUTY.

"There is something in that man's face that shows he does not like me—a look I cannot fathom."

"Somewhere I have met him before, yet for the life of me I cannot recall the time or place, nor the circumstances."

"I don't believe Dashwood is his right name."



So mused Colonel Godfrey Granger to himself after the scout had left his quarters that night.

The scout was far out on the prairie now, on his way to Fort Famine.

Behind him trotted the four horses captured from the outlaws, so that he was well supplied in that way.

He took the stage trail for Fort Famine, and not many miles out met Felix Finn on his return run to Trail End City.

Felix Finn had an empty coach and drew up for a talk; but had the coach been crowded he would have done the same.

He had spread the news at Fort Famine of the heroic rescue, and no one there seemed to know who the strange scout could be.

"Buffalo Bill had taken a short scout up the Indian way from Famine, so I did not see him, but I guesses you will, pard; but now about that money."

"What money?"

"Ther reward."

"I have refused it."

"Yer hev what?"

"Refused it."

"See here, pard, is yer in good health?"

"Oh, yes."

"And yer refuses ter take the reward?"

"I have, and the colonel knows what to do with it, if the stage company desires to give it."

"Waal, thet just upsets me entire; but what may be your motive in doing so?"

"Simply that I would not touch a dollar of blood money."

"Waal, I guesses you knows best," and Felix Finn was evidently greatly surprised that the stranger refused the Overland Company's reward for the body, dead or alive, of Captain Crimson.

"See here, pard, that outlaw has got a brother, and they was pledged to avenge each other, so just keep yer eye open fer him."

"I will do so, thank you."

"And let me tell yer thet this be a very onsartin ter travel, for thar has been red deeds done along it, yer must keep a eye on a ambush, see?"

"I'll try and not be caught asleep, Pard Finn; but must be going now," and the scout rode on his way more, while Felix Finn gazed after him with undisguised admiration.

The trail led around a mountain spur, which commanded a most extensive view of the valley between mountains, looking for many miles over a vast expanse of country.

Halting upon the spur, charmed with the magnificent view, he was gazing with rapt admiration when his eye fell upon a horseman far away in the valley, and he rode toward him.

From the spot where he stood he knew that he could not be seen, that he was shielded from view by the fringe of trees along the border of the trail.

His horses were some distance off, cropping the grass near a spring, for he had halted for his noonday meal.

Going to his saddle, he got his field glass and turned upon the distant horseman.

The glass was a powerful one and he had a good view of the man, for he said aloud:

"If I am not mistaken that horseman is Buffalo Bill coming this way."

Buffalo Bill seemed to have discovered him at the instant. He saw that the stranger was a white man, and without hesitation he rode rapidly forward.

A few minutes later the king of the border was to face with the lone rider.

The chief of scouts regarded the stranger with surprise for he beheld one who was unknown to him.

But the stranger stepped quickly forward, and said:

"You are Buffalo Bill?"

"So I am called here on the border. And you?"

"My name is Dick Dashwood," answered the stranger, then he added:

"I have heard of you often, and I was hoping to



"for I am just from Fort Rest, and am going to Fort  
me to report for duty.

"Here are my orders, sir."

Buffalo Bill took the paper, and, glancing over it, said  
ly:

"I met a scout from the fort last night, and he told me  
our splendid rescue of the colonel, for Felix Finn,  
Overland driver, had told him about it. I congratulate  
Mr. Dashwood."

"Thank you, Captain Cody; but are you to return now  
Fort Rest?"

"I shall accompany you to Famine, and return with  
Texas Jack. I had scouted off toward the mountains,  
saw some signal fires and wished to see what they  
t."

"The two scouts talked they rode back to a mountain  
to camp for the night, and go on to Fort Famine the  
following morning, for it was getting late.

"Following the spur, they went into camp, and, seated  
around a cheerful campfire, they talked together as though  
they had been old friends.

"At night and early the next morning they started for  
Fort Famine, and when Buffalo Bill was seen coming in  
a stranger, quite a gathering assembled to greet

"Among the first to greet the chief of scouts was Texas  
who was at once presented to Dick Dashwood, and  
of his being relieved of duty at Fort Famine by  
Colonel Granger, and sent to Fort Protection to assume  
command of the scouts there.

"I hope I do not cause you any regret or inconvenience,  
Colonel Granger, by relieving you of duty here, for I  
go to Fort Protection just as willingly," said Dick  
Dashwood.

"Indeed, for I like Fort Protection equally as well,  
though I do not know the commandant so well as I do  
Colonel Armes, whom you will find a fine officer and a  
friend."

"And you will find Major Dean the same, Jack," said  
Buffalo Bill, and then he added:

"Now, come, Mr. Dashwood, and I will present you to  
Colonel Armes, and my word for it you will get along  
splendidly together, for if there is anything he does ad-  
mire, it is pluck and go in a man."

The news had already gone to Colonel Armes of how  
Colonel Granger had been rescued, for he had held a  
long conversation with Felix Finn.

Colonel Armes was quite anxious to see the stranger,  
and when he entered with Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack,  
he fixed his piercing eyes upon him as though he would  
look into his very soul.

Buffalo Bill presented Dick Dashwood in a few well-  
chosen words, and the colonel offered his hand at once,  
and said:

"Your deeds, sir, would command a welcome for you  
under any circumstances, Mr. Dashwood, and I am glad  
to have you under my command, though sorry to lose  
Texas Jack, of course; but what will be my loss, Major  
Dean will find his gain.

"Buffalo Bill, I congratulate you that you have here  
at Fort Famine Mr. Dashwood as captain of scouts, so  
thank Colonel Granger for me for sending him here."

Then he turned to the scout again, and continued:

"Mr. Dashwood, we have surely met before, sir; when  
and where was it?"

"I can give you no assistance, Colonel Armes, in find-  
ing out, sir."

"Then I am mistaken; but your face, though not  
familiar, I admit, haunts me like a memory of the past."

"And I, Colonel Armes, have said the same to Mr.  
Dashwood, and it must be only a resemblance to some  
one whom I cannot recall," said Buffalo Bill.

Dick Dashwood made no reply to this, but said:

"I am ready to report for duty at once, Colonel  
Armes."

"You are prompt; but Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack  
will initiate you into your duties here, Mr. Dashwood,  
and introduce you to your men, twenty in number."



And the next morning, when Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack rode away from the fort, Dick Dashwood went on duty there

## CHAPTER XII.

### A DYING CONFESSION.

A year passed away upon the border, and it had been an eventful one, for there had been a number of hard fights with the Indians, raids upon the redskin villages, settlements saved from ruin and death, and trouble with overland road agents, who from time to time held up the coaches, and often killed as well as robbed the drivers and passengers.

Through all these scenes Dick Dashwood had held a conspicuous part.

He had brought in most valuable information of the Indians preparing for the warpath, had fought most valiantly in every battle, had several times saved the coaches from robbery, and won the admiration and respect of his superior officers.

Colonels Granger and Armes and Major Dean were all loud in his praise, and with Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack he was one of the heroes of the plains.

A man who kept to himself, yet was ever courteous and kind to those under his command, and respectful to his superiors, he was looked upon as a man with a history.

Though a Texan, Texas Jack had never heard of him, and yet he knew the State and people there well.

To Buffalo Bill he was the same unfathomable mystery that he was to the others.

He was never known to receive a letter or write one, and he shunned social intercourse, though beyond all doubt reared in refinement.

His cabin quarters were an example of neatness, and sketches and paintings were upon the walls, his own work.

He had been given the freedom of the fort library, and the books he read showed a mind of superior intelligence and cultivation.

A better scout, Buffalo Bill said, was not to be found upon the border, and yet why such a man as he could content himself with such a life no one could understand.

He was wont to read medicine and law, as well as books of history, travel, and science, and the surgeon at the fort said that he was no mean doctor.

Colonel Granger had made a request that he be appointed a second lieutenant in the army, for gallant services rendered and conspicuous courage, and Colonel Armes and Major Dean, with all the other officers of the three forts, had indorsed the recommendation.

But when he was told that it was to be favorably considered, he at once put a stop to the movement in half by stating that he would not, under any circumstances, accept the honor.

Why he refused he gave no reasons, but his decision was decided, and all felt that he meant it.

One day he went to Trail End City, on special duty to carry important papers through, which were not trusted to the coach, as the road-agents had been causing a great deal of trouble of late.

Arriving at Trail End City, he delivered his papers, and then started the outgoing coach from there eastward, and started his return the next morning, going by way of Fort Rest.

The coach had started a couple of hours ahead of him for Fort Rest and Fort Famine, and, being mounted on good horses, traveled more rapidly than it did.

Suddenly, upon the very spot where he had recommended Colonel Granger and the paymaster, he came upon the coach, halted upon the trail.

There stood the horses, and by the coach lay the driver, a bullet through his brain.

Near him was a passenger, and the coach door was open.

As he bent over the passenger he heard a low voice say, "The eyes opened and met his, while an appeal was made faintly:

"Don't kill me!"



"My dear fellow, I am no murderer or robber, but a scout from the fort," asked the man, quickly.

"So let me see what I can do for you. Where are you wounded."

"Here, in the side, and save me, for the love of God, my friend, for I am not fit to die."

"I will do all in my power for you," and the scout then examined the wound, while the man said:

"We were fired upon by road-agents and then robbed; they did not get some important papers I have for Colonel Granger."

"Are you an officer?"

"No."

"A courier?"

"No, I am a friend of Colonel Granger, a particular friend, and it is most important for me to see him."

"The fort is thirty miles from here, and you can hardly make the ride, for duty compels me to tell you, my friend, your wound is fatal."

"A death wound?" gasped the man.

"Yes."

"God! Is there no help for me?"

"I am sorry to say that I have no hope to give you."

"Heaven! have mercy!"

"I will be it, my friend; but let me make you as comfortable as I can, and I will stay by you to the last."

"Thank you, oh, thank you!"

"Who are you?"

"I am a scout."

"What is your name?"

"Dick Dashwood."

"Dick Dashwood?" and the wounded man started

"Yes, I had an uncle by that name."

"What is your uncle?"

"He is dead."

"And so did I."

"What is your name?"

"He was my mother's brother. Dick Dashwood was his name, and mine is Varney Beal."

"Varney Beal, I know you now. I remember that you ran away from your home in the South, and it was said that you went to the bad, and that your evil conduct had broken your mother's heart. Yes, I know you now, Varney, for you are my cousin, and Heaven knows I pity you."

The scout spoke most impressively, and the man said, faintly:

"Yes, I was all that was bad, and I am still."

"But you said that my wound was fatal, that I am dying, so I must plead for forgiveness for the past, aye, and I will make an atonement which you can help me carry out."

"What is your name?"

"He was my mother's brother. Dick Dashwood was his name, and mine is Varney Beal."

"Varney Beal, I know you now. I remember that you ran away from your home in the South, and it was said that you went to the bad, and that your evil conduct had broken your mother's heart. Yes, I know you now, Varney, for you are my cousin, and Heaven knows I pity you."

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"Yes, I was all that was bad, and I am still."

"But you said that my wound was fatal, that I am dying, so I must plead for forgiveness for the past, aye, and I will make an atonement which you can help me carry out."

"You will, I know you will, for I read that in your face, for now I know you; yes, I recall you now."

"I will do all in my power for you, Varney."

"If you have anything to tell me, if you wish me to aid you, tell what you would have me do, for I am ready and willing."

"How long have I to live?"

"You are suffering from an internal hemorrhage, and may live two hours, perhaps not so long, Varney."

"Then let me hurry with my confession, for I feel myself growing weaker. There, that drink of water from your canteen revives me."

"Now listen."

He talked in a low tone, and with evident effort and pain; but every word he uttered was heard by Dick Dashwood.

At last the voice sank so low it could not be heard, there was a quick grasp of the hand, a shudder, and the man was dead.

But Dick Dashwood knew all that he had to tell, and had the papers which the robbers had failed to get.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## DASHWOOD'S REPORT.

There was a stir at Fort Rest when the coach came in with Dick Dashwood upon the box.

Fortunately for Felix Finn, he had not been on duty that run, so the driver who took his place was the one to meet death.

The manner in which the scout brought the coach and six horses into the fort showed that he knew how to drive as well as to ride and shoot.

He at once went to headquarters to make his report to Colonel Granger.

The colonel listened to his story of how he found the coach, with the driver and a passenger dead, and that he had buried the bodies and then brought the stage on to the fort.

"Do you know who the passenger was, Dashwood?" asked Colonel Granger.

"The stage list might tell, sir," was the evasive reply.

"I was expecting a friend to see me about this time, and I sincerely hope that he was not the unfortunate man. What about his luggage?"

"The road-agents, sir, had robbed the driver and his passenger before I came up."

"Ah, yes."

"I will have to await the return of the coach in a week to know who he was. You will please report this affair to Colonel Armes, so that he may see to it that we get rid of those road-agents."

"I will, sir."

"When do you start for Fort Famine, Dashwood?"

"To-morrow, at daybreak, sir."

After a few more words together, Dick Dashwood took his leave and went to look up Buffalo Bill at his quarters.

"Ho, Dashwood, there has been trouble on the road, I hear?"

"Yes, Buffalo Bill, and I wish you would go back over the trail, and do me the favor to go on to Trail End City."

"Yes."

"See Pete Porter, and get him to change the name of his passenger—or, no, it would be best for you to make a mistake in writing the name of the dead man who was killed, for the colonel wants it."

"The colonel?"

"Yes, he said he was going to send a courier to Trail End City to find out who the passenger was, so I will tell him you wish to go and look over the trail, and get you to secure the name."

"And you say I must change the name?"

"Yes."

"But why?"

"See here, Cody, you know me well enough to know me, even if Colonel Granger is the one I wish to throw off the trail."

"The colonel asked me the name and I avoided giving it, for I do not wish him to know it."

"Well?"

"I have reasons which I cannot now explain, but when you have returned from Trail End City I wish you to come to Fort Famine, and then you shall know just what I have to tell you."

"The man's name is Varney Beal; change it to Harry Bell, and if it is discovered lay it to the bad men on the manifest."

"I will trust you, Dashwood, in this, for you are one to act without weighing just what you do."

"And I have weighed this matter most thoroughly, Cody. Now, please see the colonel, so you will be one to go to Trail End City, for there must be some one to take."

The chief of scouts at once went up to headquarters and after a stay of half an hour returned and said that he was to start for Trail End City at once.

This he did, wondering what it was that Dick Dashwood was up to, and yet feeling perfect confidence in him.

He went on rapidly, going through to Trail End City.



at night, determined to do his scouting on his way back the following day.

At daybreak the next morning Dashwood left for Fort mine, and he made his report to Colonel Armes, as Colonel Granger had ordered.

Then he sought his quarters, took out a lot of papers and went carefully to work over them.

He took a notebook from his pocket, glanced over its pages and jotted down some items.

It was very late when he retired, and the next morning he arose and went off on a scout.

When he returned in the evening he found that Buffalo Bill had just arrived, and was then with Colonel Armes.

Just as supper was ready Buffalo Bill came to Dashwood's quarters and was cordially welcomed.

"Glad to see you, chief, and your coming shows that you have done some hard riding."

"I did not wait to see the grass grow upon my trail, Dashwood, as I felt that you had an important communication to make to me, after what you said at Fort Rest."

"I have several important communications to make, chief; but what about your trip to Trail End City?"

"I found the name as you said, and Pete Porter told me to copy it for the colonel."

"I wrote it as you said, and he made no comment."

"Had you given him the real name he would have done so. But did he look surprised?"

"No; it struck me that he looked pleased when he saw the name I gave him."

"Doubtless; but now I have this paper to offer you as my chief."

"What!" glancing hastily at it. "Do you mean to say you offer your resignation?"

"About that, for I enlisted for one year, and the time is up to-morrow, so I wished to have an honorable discharge, you know, signed by Colonel Armes and Colonel Granger."

"But I shall not allow you to go."

"We will talk of that later, chief, but now please give me your autograph to that paper, and then I shall get it also from Colonel Armes, while there is really no need of having Colonel Granger sign it."

"No, as you are a scout in my command, and Colonel Armes is sufficient."

"I am glad of that. Now, after Colonel Armes signs it, I have something to say to him to-morrow which I wish you to hear."

"All right, Dashwood. You are playing some deep game, I am certain."

"You are right, chief; it is a deeper game than you think," was the reply, and the subject was dropped between them for the night.

After breakfast the next morning Dashwood said:

"Come now, Cody, and we will seek Colonel Armes, and you shall hear what I have to say as soon as he puts his autograph to that paper," and the two started for headquarters.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### UNMASKED.

Colonel Armes received the two scouts in his pleasant way, for he admired and liked them both immensely.

"Well, Cody, what is up for to-day?" he asked.

"That is for Dashwood to say, colonel, for he has a paper he wishes you to approve, which is his resignation, though his time of enlistment, one year, is up to-day."

"You surely do not intend to leave us, Dashwood?" asked Colonel Armes.

"Yes, sir, after a while; but I desire to make known a secret to you, sir, and to have Buffalo Bill as a witness, but first I wish your approval of that paper, that I may not be considered an enlisted man, or scout, when I say what I do."

Colonel Armes saw by the manner of the scout that he had something important to communicate, so he took the paper, read it over, and, turning to his table, wrote as follows:

The resignation of Scout Captain Dick Dashwood is hereby



approved, but with sincere regret that he deems it necessary to leave the service of the United States, in which he has rendered far more than efficient service, and time and again distinguished himself on the trail, in battle, and in the discharge of his dangerous and arduous duties.

GEORGE A. ARMES, Commanding.

"I thank you most kindly, Colonel Armes. But now, sir, as I am no longer in service, I have a charge to make against Colonel Godfrey Granger, and I shall present it, sir, through you, as conduct unworthy of an officer, and which no man of honor would be guilty of."

"Whew! Strong words these, Dashwood, against an officer of the army," said Colonel Armes, while Buffalo Bill was too amazed to speak.

"I utter nothing that is untrue, sir, and which I cannot give the proof of."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir."

"But let me no longer hide under a false name.

"You, Cody, and Colonel Granger have all said that you thought that you had met me before, but could not place me.

"I do not wonder at that, when Texas Jack failed to recognize me, and he saw much more of me than you did.

"But some years of a wandering life, long hair, and a full beard upon a formerly beardless face, added to a different name and no expectation of seeing me here a scout, are the cause."

"Let me tell you that Texas Jack was once my chief of scouts when I commanded a regiment of cavalry in the Confederate army.

"And yet I am so changed that Jack Omohundro has even failed to recognize me."

Colonel Armes and Buffalo Bill gazed at the man before them in a bewildered way.

It was very certain that they could not recall their meeting him, if they had done so, before he came out upon the frontier.

Colonel Armes shook his head.

Buffalo Bill was lost in deep thought.

Dashwood smiled, and said:

"Chief Cody?"

"Yes, Dashwood."

"Many men upon this frontier dare not let their real name be known."

"Very true."

"Such is not my case."

"I did not for a minute think so."

"Nor did I, Dashwood," added Colonel Armes.

"Dick Dashwood is now my name, not Richard, and you would suppose, but Dick.

"But that is not the name you knew me under, gentlemen."

"Ah!" said the colonel, "but for one thing I believe you could place you."

Cody had his penetrating eyes upon the man before him.

"What is that?"

"The one you now remind me of is not living."

"Are you sure?"

"He was reported lost at sea."

"When?"

"The last of the war."

"I see that you are on the right track, Cody."

"Then you are Colonel Seldon," and Buffalo Bill spoke quickly.

"Yes, I was Colonel Seldon."

"Then I owe to you my life more than one time." Buffalo Bill sprang to his feet.

"Yes, you have a good memory, and, with Texas Jack you have two Rebel pardons in your command—two pardons in gray," said Dashwood, with a smile.

And Buffalo Bill wrung his hand in a way that would have crushed the bones in one who had not himself a iron grip.

"Yes, I recall you now, Colonel Seldon, and your face comes vividly back to me, though we met but once, and under a flag of truce during the war," said Colonel Armes.

"Can I forget it ever, for was it not on my account that the flag of truce was brought," said Cody, speaking rapidly and with far more earnestness than was his custom.

"It comes back to me now as though it was yesterday," he continued, "when Texas Jack, then your scout, captured me within the rebel lines.

"He did it neatly, too, with a lasso, which I did not then know how to use.

"I was forced to yield, and it nearly broke my heart.

"Then came the bitter blow that I was accused of being a spy, and I would be hanged as such.

"But Jack learned from a Confederate officer how



and befriended his family a few weeks before, and he made hard to reach the home where the wife and daughters of the Confederate colonel lived, and one of them came back with him to try and save me.

"It was before you that I was taken, Colonel Seldon, and your father, an old army officer, had known me in the Utah war against Brigham Young, and begged for my life.

"The result was that you dismissed all charges against me as a spy, and yet dreading they might be revived, you went in a flag of truce to then Major Armes here, and you met, exchanging me for one of your officers.

"Do you recall it all now, Colonel Armes, for I can never forget it?" and Buffalo Bill's fine face showed his emotion.

"Yes, Cody, now I can recall how and when I met Colonel Seldon, and I remember that you later told me that the colonel was dead—had been lost at sea."

"It was so reported."

"I was sent officially to England for the Confederate government, and the blockade runner I sailed in was crippled by a United States vessel of war in escaping from Mobile, and later went down at sea in a storm, and all were lost save three of us in a lifeboat.

"My two companions died of hardships, but I lived to be picked up by a China-bound vessel, and when I again heard of the South the war had ended, the one woman I loved had married a Northern officer, urged by her parents to do so, and believing me dead, so I had nothing to return for and went into foreign service.

"Later I drifted to Mexico, then to Texas to the home of my uncle, Dick Dashwood, my mother's brother.

"He was dying, but knew me, bade me welcome, and, having left his fortune to charity, for our family were all gone, he made a new will, and I became his heir, at his appeal taking the name of Dick Dashwood.

"Returning to my old home in Tennessee, I learned that it was known that I was not dead, and also that the husband of the woman I loved had known of my escape from death, but had kept it from her, and so won her consent under false pretenses, and, to save her aged parents from poverty, she became his wife.

"Later some land investments of her father's in New York turned out immensely valuable, and she was left a fortune about the time that I got mine.

"But, learning how her husband had deceived her,

and never loving him, for she had discovered how he led a double life, she separated from him, going to her old home in Tennessee.

"Then it was that I drifted up this way and became a scout."

"And a remarkable life you have had, sir," said Buffalo Bill.

"Indeed you have," Colonel Armes added.

"Yes, but as I have told of myself, I now have more to make known.

"I came here for a purpose, and I intend to accomplish it, for I am revengeful," said Dashwood.

From his words and manner both Colonel Armes and Buffalo Bill knew that there was more to tell.

And they waited for him to speak.

## CHAPTER XV.

### FORCED TO THE WALL.

After a silence of some minutes, Dashwood resumed:

"I intended to seek revenge in my own way against the one who had wronged me and the woman I loved.

"I knew that he had, through a tool under his control, though I did not then know who it was, gained a large amount of her money by forgery, with which to pay his many debts.

"I also knew that she had, when separating from him, allowed him a most liberal income, and yet he forced from her in different ways a good deal more, but about that I did not care.

"It was to drive him to the wall that I came here.

"A kind fate has aided me better than I thought, and in a different way from what I had intended.

"Now to the point, and why I resigned.

"The man I am after is one who leads a double life, for a brave man, he yet is a villain, unworthy to hold the position he does.

"He was a volunteer officer during the war, and won his rank; but he is a dishonor to the service.

"As I said, he is Colonel Godfrey Granger, and I intend to force him out of the army.

"I came northward, and you know how I saved his life.

"The temptation was to let that outlaw kill him.

"But I resisted it, and saved him.

"I then took the place of scout to watch him.



"I found that he had an agent who twice had gone to Riverside Rest, in Tennessee, and obtained money from Mrs. Granger.

"Upon my return, the other day, from Trail End City, I came upon that agent of Colonel Granger, dying by the wayside.

"It was he whose name I got you to misrepresent, Buffalo Bill.

"His name was Varney Beal, and let me tell you that before he died he made a confession and gave me papers which I wish to place before you.

"I found in Varney Beal an erring cousin of mine, and when he heard my name the secret came out, for he, of course, knew our uncle who died in Texas, Dick Dashwood.

"Now this cousin, Varney Beal, Godfrey Granger also knew as a boy, and he met him in New York during the war.

"He knew his career, and found in him a willing tool, and so plotted with him to get money from Mrs. Granger.

"As further money was refused, Beal concocted a plot by letter with Godfrey Granger, which was to kidnap his child, and demand ransom for it, which, as Mrs. Granger is worth a million, they knew would be paid.

"Nor is this all, for the villain Beal was to forge certain letters to him, compromising Mrs. Granger, have her meet him under pretense of exposing a plot to injure her, and then give those seeming proofs of her wrongdoing into the hands of her husband, who was to demand a secret divorce from her, which he knew, rather than be defamed publicly, for her child's sake, she would allow.

"Then there was to follow the kidnapping scheme, and when Granger got the money, the ransom, he was to marry a rich California girl, who visited at the post here last year.

"These papers I have in my possession, and I shall force Colonel Granger to resign from the army, for no such a man as he is should hold a commission in the service of the United States."

"By Heaven, but you are right and I will aid you in it."

"But, Colonel Armes, for the sake of the wife's good name, for the sake of the little girl, this must not be known to any one but us three."

"Very well, colonel."

"I also wish not to be known except as a scout, say to Colonel Granger.

"But I wish you and Buffalo Bill to go with me to see him, and I shall make the demand of his resignation under pain of exposure.

"You can then make a similar demand, Colonel Armes, as a United States officer, and when he is forced out of the service I will be avenged, and his wife and child will be saved."

It was with the most intense interest that Colonel Armes and Buffalo Bill heard the story told by Colonel Seldon, unearthing the villainy of a man who was living a double life, who was honored, and yet was plotting ruin upon those he should love and protect.

The colonel was deeply moved at the disgrace of a brother officer, but he intended to be governed by Dashwood's entreaty and keep his sin a secret.

He also wished, for the sake of the beautiful wife, to save her and her child from the shame of an exposure.

For a long while the matter was talked over, and the papers held were shown to Colonel Armes and Buffalo Bill, who saw for themselves that the proofs were most damning.

The next morning the party left Fort Famine for Fort Rest.

Buffalo Bill and Dick Dashwood rode in advance, and Colonel Armes followed, while a cavalry escort of a dozen men brought up the rear.

Colonel Armes went to the quarters he always occupied when visiting Fort Rest, for, as has been said, a coolness existed between the two officers.

But late in the evening, accompanied by Dashwood and Buffalo Bill, he went to headquarters.

"I desire to see you, colonel, upon a most important matter, so see to it that we are not disturbed and your orderly is not within hearing."

"Is it as serious as that, Colonel Armes?"

"It is, sir."

The colonel left the room for a minute, and upon his return said coldly:

"Well, sir?"

"I will allow Scout Dick Dashwood to be spokesman, and then I have something to say," said Colonel Armes.

Colonel Granger turned to the scout and said:

"What is it, Dashwood, that all this mystery is about?"



"I will tell you, sir, in a few words; but first let me say that my time of enlistment ended yesterday, and my papers of discharge are signed by Colonel Armes and Buffalo Bill."

"You are surely not going to leave the service?"

"I have left it, sir; and as I am no longer under your command, I can speak freely, sir."

"Well, what else have you to say?"

"I wish to say, sir, that the passenger who was killed in the coach the other day was not Harry Bell, but Varney Beal."

"What!" and the colonel turned deathly pale.

"Yes, it was your secret agent, whom you met at Trail and City on two occasions, and who was not killed at once, as he was wounded and dying when I found him."

"Did you have anything to say to him?"

"Yes, sir, much, and he had everything to say to me, for he made a full confession of your crimes, and his toward your wife and child, and——"

"Hold! How dare you speak to me thus? I will——"

"You will be calm, for we are here to keep your secret, for the honor of the service, from sympathy for your wife, not from any feeling for you, unless you force us to make it public by exposing you."

"I will——"

"Keep calm, sir, for if it becomes known that there is a scene here, you will find it very difficult to explain before a court-martial as to the proofs I hold of your guilt."

"If you are sensible, and make no scene, then the mercy unknown you will be that you are allowed to resign without your crimes being made known, and go your way."

"If you create a scene, then nothing under heaven will save you from being branded as you deserve."

"My God! That I should listen to such language from you!"

"Take your choice, Colonel Granger, of exposure or secrecy in the matter."

"Take my advice, Granger, and resign at once," spoke Colonel Armes, "for you are in a very dangerous position."

"By resignation from the army, and going your way in life, you can save your dishonor from being known."

"Refuse, and I'll see that you are treated by all honorable men as you deserve."

"Where are those proofs you speak of?" and Godfrey Granger grasped at a straw of hope like a drowning man.

"They are safe in my keeping, and no one save Buffalo Bill and your accuser here has seen them."

"You will swear to this, Armes?"

"I will."

"And you demand that I resign?"

"Most emphatically, and at once," was the decided reply.

"And you will keep my secret?"

"As long as you refrain from persecution of your wife, I will."

"And if you do persecute her, if you do seek to kidnap your child, Godfrey Granger, you shall have me to answer to, and bitter will be the answering."

"Do you know me now, Godfrey Granger? I'm the man who was once your friend, but am now your foe until death, Cecil Seldon!"

Colonel Granger had risen as the wronged man faced him, but now, realizing who it was that had thwarted his wicked schemes, who it was that he had to face, he sank down in his chair again with a low moan, as though at last even he was crushed with despair.

"Now, Colonel Granger, write your resignation, and the day it is accepted, leave this fort."

The resignation was written and the command turned over to Colonel Armes until it was accepted.

Claiming that he was called at once away upon important business matters, Colonel Granger departed upon Felix Finn's coach the very next day.

By a strange justice it seemed the coach was held up, and by the third brother who had borne the name of "Captain Crimson."

If robbed of his money, the ex-colonel knew he was utterly ruined, and he resisted the outlaw leader and his two men, with the result that they fired upon the coach, and Godfrey Granger was shot through the heart.

A moment after Buffalo Bill dashed up to the rescue, and Captain Crimson Number Three fell by the hand of the great scout, while his two comrades surrendered.

Thus the outlaw band was wholly broken up.

A week later Dashwood departed for California, and from there wrote the whole story to Mrs. Granger.

Without a regret she learned that she was free from the man who had almost wrecked her life and happiness; but she still kept her secret, and left for Europe with her little daughter.

One year after, she returned to her beautiful Southern home, and later Dick Dashwood visited her there and asked her to become his wife.

She did not refuse, and one of the letters received was from Buffalo Bill, congratulating most warmly upon the great good fortune that had come at last to his old pard who had worn the gray.

THE END.

Next week's BUFFALO BILL STORIES (No. 17) will contain "Buffalo Bill's Death Deal; or, the Queen of Gold Canyon."



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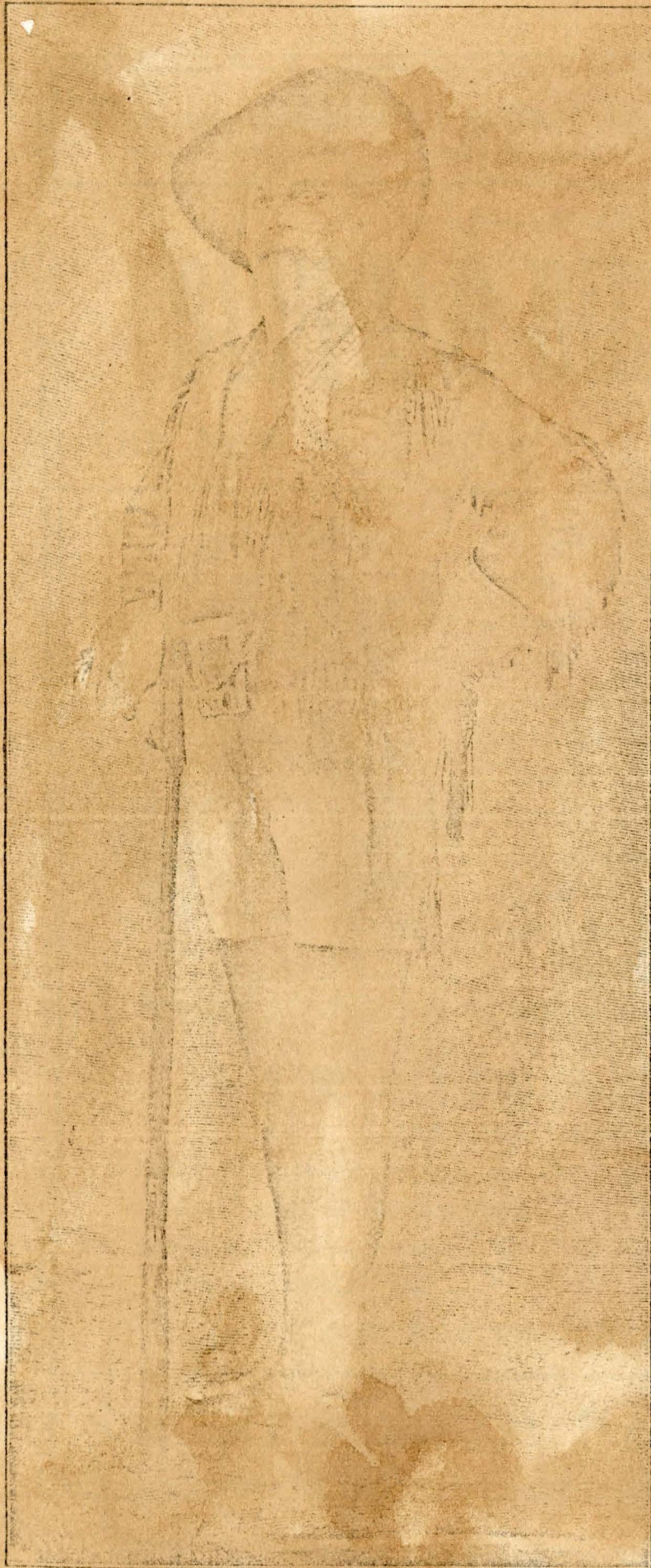
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